

TEASER

EXT. STAGE BUILD SITE - DAY

As a steaming hot day rolls on, TRAJAN KING (African American male, early 30s, nickname Jan (pronounced "Han")) is hanging from a partially made scaffold. He works as a freelance stagehand/climber for a live entertainment AV company. Hanging from a lower point in the structure, he either hands beam poles to other climbers from workers on the ground or he fits the beam poles to the metal joints with bolts, nuts, and a claw hammer. This work goes on for hours as the crew builds the outdoor stage with varying levels of cohesion. Commands can be heard being barked from both the climbers and the ground crew as the crew works on til the evening. As the work day ends for the stage crew, Trajan leaves the site and walks down the street.

EXT. WASHINGTON D.C. STREETS - TWILIGHT

Trajan walks down the street, tired from working during the hot day. The lights and cars glisten in the D.C. twilight sky as he walks over bridges, crosses streets and walks over busy sidewalks towards the metro station.

INT. DC METRO

Trajan stands on the metro platform surrounded by a large crowd of people all waiting to get on the train. Tired from the day's work, he ignores the fact that he can barely move in any direction. This continues inside the railcar as he is standing in the passageway of the train, barely being able to move from side to side. Most of the people in the train are trying to get to an event or some place where they are trying to have fun. However, Trajan is part of the handful in the crowd that are clearly coming from a hard day's work. As the train continues down the rail line, the train empties. This leaves Trajan with only a handful of other people since his stop is the last on the line. Trajan is surprised when he hears the PA say that the train has reached the last stop. His fatigue has caused him to loose track of time. He gets out of the train and heads towards his car in the parking garage.

INT/EXT. TRAJAN'S CAR (DC/MD STREETS) - NIGHT

Trajan drives through the streets of DC out towards where he lives in the suburbs of Prince George's County, Maryland. He lives with his parents, which he has ever since graduating from college, since the recession stymied his ability to get his career started as well as move on in his life. He parks

the car along the curb in front of the house and enters.

INT. KING HOUSE (KITCHEN/HALLWAY) - NIGHT

Trajan walks into the mostly dark house with only the oven light left on as a night light, a procedure done by his parents when he doesn't get back until late. He opens the refrigerator and sees a container with pasta. On the pasta container is a note that says "Jan, Dinner. Mom". He grabs the container and sticks it in the microwave to warm it back up.

INT. KING HOUSE (TRAJAN BEDROOM)

Trajan sits in his bedroom, which is in the basement. In front of his computer he multitasks between eating, doing some small coding for his personal/portfolio website, and watching television. He goes through the emails in his inbox, most of them are job response letters from various companies that he applied for. All of the new emails say in some form that the companies thank him for applying, however they have decided to go with someone else for the web development position. He cycles through the dozens of responses, deleting them as he reads the computer-generated rejection messages. Then he sends out dozens of emails and online forms applying to several jobs. At this point, his nightly job hunting has become routine to the point that the rejection letters do not phase him and any application he fills out comes with no optimism, for him it is just going through the motions. He takes a look at a read email, a reply with information for an interview he has tomorrow morning. He sighs, trying to summon the strength for hope even though he figures that it will ultimately end up being a waste of time. He continues to watch his TV show and eat as his job hunting routine continues on into the night.

END OF TEASER

ACT ONEINT/EXT. TRAJAN'S CAR (DC STREETS) - DAY

Trajan is driving through the DC streets towards a job interview. With low expectations, he parks on the street nearby the office building and walks towards the company's location for the interview.

INT. OFFICE (LOBBY) - DAY

Trajan walks, with a bookbag on his shoulder, into the office towards the RECEPTIONIST (female; late 20's) at the front desk in order to check-in for his interview.

RECEPTIONIST

Good morning, welcome to Symbol Studios. How are you doing today?

TRAJAN

Fine, thank you. I'm here for an interview. Name's Trajan King.

RECEPTIONIST

(looking at office schedule)
King ... ok, I see. You're our 11:15 appointment. Trajan, that's a really odd name.

TRAJAN

My dad is really into ancient Roman history, so that's where that came from. But hey, at least it gave me a cool nickname. Everyone calls me Jan.

RECEPTIONIST

Yeah, that is a cool nickname.

Trajan and the receptionist have a nice moment with each other since they both are fully aware of where the nickname comes from.

RECEPTIONIST

So, while you wait, would you like anything to drink? Water, tea, coffee, soda?

TRAJAN

Nothing right now. Thanks.

Trajan walks away from the receptionist's desk and towards

the waiting area to wait for the interview.

INT. OFFICE (MEETING ROOM) - DAY

Trajan is called into the meeting room for an interview. Inside the meeting room he meets the WEB MANAGER (Caucasian male; early 50's) and the company's LEAD DEVELOPER (Caucasian female; early 40's). The two sit down in front of him and begin the interview.

WEB MANAGER

Hello, nice to meet you ...
(looks at papers)
Trajan. Let's get started.

Trajan listens to them as attentively as he can, although he's having a hard time keeping an interest in what they are saying. Since he does a lot of interviews, he mostly knows what the interviewers are going to say and ask. The questions are mainly about his credentials, his experience, what software he uses, along with other cookie cutters questions, including what interests him most about working at the company. One question does get his attention, which the web manager begins to ask.

WEB MANAGER

I see that there is a gap in your resume, between the time you graduated to around 2012. Why is that?

TRAJAN

What do you mean?

LEAD DEVELOPER

He just wants to know why there's a huge span of time between jobs on your resume. It looks a bit odd.

Trajan has a small laugh with himself because of the question. Even though the laugh was not loud, the web manager still hears it and is very upset by it.

WEB MANAGER

Is there something funny?

TRAJAN

What do you mean?

WEB MANAGER

You were laughing. Is there something funny? Did I amuse you?

TRAJAN
Are you serious?

Trajan looks at the web manager and lead developer, waiting to see if the two of them were really that serious about Trajan laughing to himself about the situation. There demeanor doesn't change.

TRAJAN
Well, fuck it then.

Trajan's mode quickly turns from confused to retaliatory.

TRAJAN
Sometimes I don't understand how you people get your fucking jobs.

The web manager and the lead developer react unhappily to Trajan's statement.

WEB MANAGER
HOW DARE YOU!

LEAD DEVELOPER
What is the meaning of this!?

TRAJAN
(defiantly points at the two of them)
HEY! Shut up! You will sit there and you will listen. It's my turn, I'm talking, shut it!

The lead developer tries to talk but Trajan shushes her, along with the web manager as a precaution.

TRAJAN
Now let's get some simple facts straight that even a shit eating lemur would know. Yes, I have a gap in my resume. However, it does not mean I suck at my job or I just came out of prison. All you have to do is watch the news, idiot. It's called a recession, a lot of people weren't working. But of course you two wouldn't know that.
(points at web manager)
You probably here cause of your daddy or some rich asshole friend.

Web manager looks awkwardly because he knows the statement is true.

TRAJAN

(points at lead developer)

And you, now don't get me wrong, it can be hard for women in your position, I get that. However, I'm sorry, I've seen your stuff and you have to be doing something dirty to somebody here to keep your job. The boss, a VP, him?

Lead developer looks at the web manager hesitantly, trying not to react.

TRAJAN

His son?

Lead developer has a strikingly reserved look on her face after Trajan mentions the web manager's son as a theory.

TRAJAN

(taken aback because of awkward situation)

Wow. Didn't mean to open that door. That's just a bit strange.

(reverts back to angry demeanor)

Anyhow, don't play these games with me. Either hire me or don't. Don't make up bullshit reasons to make yourselves feel good. It's a waste of my damn time. So, in conclusion, fuck you two, fuck this job, and fuck everything asswipes like you stand for. I'm out!

Trajan storms out of the meeting room, leaving the web manager and lead developer alone to ponder what just happened.

INT. OFFICE (LOBBY) - DAY - CONTINUOUS

Trajan walks into the lobby with his head held high, feeling like he just won a huge victory. He walks out towards the waiting area, but he stops and turns back towards the receptionist's table.

TRAJAN

I think I'll take that drink. Soda please.

The receptionist reaches into the mini-fridge and pulls out a soda can. Trajan see that there are bottles in there.

TRAJAN

No, bottle please.

The receptionist has a confused look, but quickly relents and gives Trajan the bottle. Trajan looks across the table and sees a tray of snacks sitting on the table for guests. He walks towards the basket, opens his bookbag, and empties the basket of snacks into his bag. He sees that the receptionist is looking at him, confused as to why his is doing this. Trajan looks at her, pulls a business card out of his wallet, and puts it on the table in front of her. He then proceeds to do hand gestures telling her to call him later on. After that, Trajan confidently walks out of the office.

EXT. GRANDMA'S HOUSE (PORCH) - DAY

Trajan is sitting on the porch of GRANDMA GEM's (African American female, late 80's) house talking to her about his day. It's a beautiful day outside, but Trajan is visibly depressed about what happened today. Trajan is really close to Grandma Gem, who he feels like he can talk to as a friend. However, there are times when Trajan has to remind Grandma Gem that the two of them are family and not a couple of guys talking on the street.

TRAJAN

So, that's how I wish it went down
after he said those stupid questions.

GRANDMA GEM

Ha, at a big whig office like that?
You'd probably been shot.

TRAJAN

Probably. Everybody there had looks
like they were shocked that I knew
things. Like I didn't belong and I was
the guy that, I don't know, dropped
off their sparkling water or
something.

GRANDMA GEM

Well, you'll get it at some point Jan.
Someone will use their brain for once
and look at you for how good you are
and nothing else.

TRAJAN

That's what I'm hoping for.

A white man is walking in front of the two of them on the sidewalk. He's carrying a baby in a chest baby holder, along with a bag of fresh vegetables. The father waves at Trajan and Grandma Gem.

GRANDMA GEM

(to White Father)

Hey, how you doing?

(to baby)

And how are you? Look at that smile?

The white man continues to walk after letting Grandma Gem talk a little to the baby while passing. The father, baby, and Grandma Gem all have smiling faces from this moment. Trajan enjoys seeing Grandma Gem enjoying herself and being happy.

GRANDMA GEM (CONT'D)

Bless his heart.

Trajan glances at Grandma Gem after hearing what she said. He scoffs at her statement.

TRAJAN

That's messed up Grandma.

GRANDMA GEM

What the hell did I say? I'm just waving at the neighbors.

TRAJAN

You know I speak old, right?

GRANDMA GEM

Still didn't say shit. And who you calling old?

TRAJAN

For starters, language.

Grandma Gem scoffs at Trajan chastising her about her language.

TRAJAN (CONT'D)

And I guess you don't need me to get the mail for you since you ain't old.
(picks up her walking cane)
You'll be good to go, you just need

your walking cane.

Grandma Gem grabs the cane with a lightly serious tone.

GRANDMA GEM

You better tread lightly, son. You never too old to get a slap.

TRAJAN

How about for giving one?

Grandma Gem shows a small smile after that comment.

GRANDMA GEM

You always had a smart mouth.

TRAJAN

But for real. What's with the salt?

GRANDMA GEM

It's just ... things are just changing. I understand that change can be a good thing and things have gotten better lately in this neighborhood, but nobody cared about this place when it mattered the most. The guy with the baby is just a symbol of it all. Nobody wanted to make sure the streets were safe, that we had quality schools, or that we have good fresh food to eat until people like him showed up. Then the folks who stuck it out through the hard times, the ones who kept it from turning into a complete war zone, were forced to move out with the cost of living getting too damn high. I just had to watch Mr. Green down the street move out of his place after 50 years. And who bought it? Some 20-something preppy assholes that ruined the place in a week with a frat party.

TRAJAN

How did you know it was a frat party?

GRANDMA GEM

My pot boy told me. Nice kid, he'd be somebody if he was only smarter.

Trajan shake his head, still surprised at times that Grandma

Gem would be willing to talk about such things around him.

GRANDMA GEM (CONT'D)

Seriously though, someone needs to hang on around here to keep this place from going completely sterile. If we all get kicked out, then this place will be unrecognizable.

TRAJAN

So, that's your mission now?

GRANDMA GEM

Lord willing the creek don't rise. That or my mortgage.

Trajan and Grandma Gem have a short laugh, but very reserved considering the topic.

GRANDMA GEM (CONT'D)

I'm heading inside. It's too damn out here now.

TRAJAN

I might as well take off then. See ya tomorrow, Grandma.

GRANDMA GEM

Alright then. Love ya hun.

Grandma Gem heads inside the house while Trajan walks towards his car and leaves.

INT. HOTEL CONFERENCE AREA - NIGHT

Trajan is on another stagehand job where he is part of a crew setting up a conference room. It another hard days work as he works with the other contractors in setting up the speakers, screens, monitors, and other AV equipment for an event inside a hotel. As he takes a quick break, he checks his phone for missed calls and messages. He sees a text from his Mom.

MOM (TEXT)

Call back when you can. It's Grandma Gem.

After reading the text, Trajan already feels like he knows what happened and is struck by sadness.

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO**INT. CHURCH (SANCTUARY)- DAY**

Trajan is sitting on the church pew, along with his family, for Grandma Gem's funeral. Gospel music is playing in the background as a full sanctuary gets in the spirit for praise and for remembrance of Grandma Gem's life. As the song begins to close, REV. BISHOP (African American male; early 60's) walks towards the podium to address the crowd with closing remarks.

REV. BISHOP

Praise God, praise God. I was glad when they said unto me, let us go to the house of the Lord. Despite the reason we are here, despite the situations or the struggle in our lives, this is the day the Lord has made, let us rejoice and be glad in it.

The crowd reacts with great joy and applause. Trajan does as well, even though his is more reserved because of mourning.

REV. BISHOP

As we close this ceremony to honor Sister Gemma King and her transition to eternity, we will leave you with the song that she chose to be played on this day. Her choice is very unorthodox for this church, however because this is Sister Gemma and she means a lot to this church family, we will honor that request. And without further ado, here's ... the Southeast Sinners Band.

Rev. Bishop gestures towards a go-go band in the music pit. The men in the band look more like they're more ready to perform on the street than in a church. Several of the men have unkempt dreads, revealing tattoos, barely appropriate business casual attire, and other personal belongings on that displays to the audience their unpreparedness for performing in a church. Trajan has a slight reaction to the band, but then remembers how Grandma Gem was and it doesn't seem as much of a surprise anymore. The BAND LEAD SINGER (African American male; mid 20s) steps up to the mic to address the audience.

BAND LEAD SINGER

Yo, whad up eaybody. Like the pastor
said we SSB, the hypest band in the
DMV. We bout to get it crackin. Big
ups to Mama Gem, may she rest in
peace, ya na mean.
(to the band)
Let's get it.

With that command, the band begins there song. It's a go-go cover of Marvin Gaye's "Sexual Healing". Many in the church are shocked at the choice in song, while some, including Trajan, know that Grandma Gem is that kind of person. Some in the crowd begin to grove to the beat. Of those that are moving, some are reserved due to appearances while others are more blatant. The song is so good that it's really hard for the crowd to deny it. As the song continues, the church crowd becomes more responsive to the song.

INT. CHURCH (FELLOWSHIP HALL) - DAY

After the service and the burial, the family and close friends return to the church for lunch. While the family is eating, Rev. Bishop walks towards Trajan to talk to him.

REV. BISHOP

Jan, how you doing there son?

TRAJAN

Doing aight, Rev. Just doing what I
can to keep things together.

REV. BISHOP

It's a big loss in the church, but she
lived a great life and she's in a
better place. Although I wish she
would've picked a different song. It's
almost like she's trying to play
tricks on me. Wouldn't be any
different though. She had a big heart,
but she always knew where to stick
you.

TRAJAN

Did she ever.

REV. BISHOP

God bless her though. She'll be
missed.

Rev. Bishop changes topic to what he needed to talk to Trajan

for.

REV. BISHOP

I did want to talk to you about your grandmother's will. I helped her get to the right people for setting it up and they should be contacting your family shortly. Your parents will have more information, but I'm pretty sure that you should attend. She always spoke very highly of you so I'd imagine you'd be a part of it.

TRAJAN

Yes, Rev. I will. Thanks.

REV. BISHOP

No problem. God Bless.

TRAJAN

God Bless.

Trajan walks back to his family to continue his lunch.

EXT. GRANDMA'S HOUSE (PORCH) - DAY

Trajan sits on the porch thinking about Grandma Gem. Days have passed, but it's still very surreal for him that not too long ago he was having long conversations with her and now she's passed on. He looks at the open letter for moment, having already read it. After thinking more about Grandma Gem, he heads inside the house.

INT. GRANDMA'S HOUSE - DAY - MONTAGE

As Trajan enters the house, Grandma Gem's parting words resonate with him as he remembers the good times with Grandma Gem. Several memories run through his mind as he walks around the house, still filled with her belongings.

GRANDMA GEM (V.O.)

To my grandson Trajan. This has been the hardest goodbye letter for me to write. Not because I don't know what to say or how to say it, but because you know how to decipher my bullshit. And yes, I will be cursing in my farewell letter, so deal with it hun. Out of all the people in my life, you've been surprising the only one around that I can be real with. So if

I try write some sentimental sounding gutter trash in this letter, it'll sound fake and this ain't the time for that. So, let's get to the point. You are a smart boy. No one I know would've been able to deal with the shit that you have and survive. So what I'm giving you in my will is to me more important than anything else that I'll be leaving behind. My house. It's nothing special. It needs a ton of work done to it. But this neighborhood needs it. To keep it alive and away from anyone that'll turn this it into a stale gentrified shithole. I have no idea what you can do, hell if I knew I would've done it already. But whatever you decide to do, make sure that affects the people around you in a good way. Make sure it makes this place better.

Trajan stands in the house looking around thinking about how he can achieve her wishes with the house.

EXT. HOWARD UNIVERSITY - CAMPUS YARD - DAY

Trajan is walking on the Howard University campus, which he is very familiar with since that is where he graduated from. As he walks across the Yard, he takes in the sites. This brings back some memories, some bad, but overall good from his time at Howard. While he is walking, a random local hands him a flyer to a local night club. He puts it in his pocket even though he has no plans of going there and he hates it when someone forces him to take a flyer. Trajan continues to head to the Liberal Arts computer lab to meet his friend.

INT. HOWARD UNIVERSITY - COMPUTER LAB

Trajan walks into the computer lab, which is inside one of the university's libraries. Since he still has his old school ID and he looks fairly young, he is never questioned further about walking into the library. He goes into the computer lab where MAX POUND (Racially ambiguous male; early 30s; queer) is working on work assignment on the university computers.

TRAJAN

Yo, what up, man.

MAX

(while typing on keyboard)

Yo. Just working on a few things.

TRAJAN

(looking at the screen)

This doesn't look like an assignment.

MAX

That's cause it isn't. That junk was easy, finished that a while ago. This is for work.

TRAJAN

(laughs at Max's situation)

I don't get you man. What do you have, 8 different degrees? How many do you need?

MAX

As many as it takes to keep me in this country.

TRAJAN

Come on, that shit again. They ain't looking for you.

MAX

Yeah, they are. If the Cypriot military wants you to serve, they will find you. They just yoked up my half-brother 5 months ago. So, if you don't mind, I need to keep up with my Java.

TRAJAN

Whatever man.

Max continues his work on the computer. Trajan still doesn't believe him, but he doesn't feel like arguing so he ends the conversation and sits next to Max.

MAX

Sorry to hear about Mama Gem.

TRAJAN

Thanks man.

MAX

She was pretty much the only one that didn't give me any grief when I came out. I think she took it better than

you did.

Trajan scoffs at Max's assertion.

TRAJAN

This again? Just because I'm not doing backflips when you tell me about your conquests doesn't mean I'm some anti-gay lunatic. I'm sorry, but that stuff is the last thing a straight man wants to hear about in friendly conversation. Besides, I never remember what your damn rules are anyhow.

MAX

What rule are you talking about.

TRAJAN

The buck naked rule.

Max waves off Trajan's rule claim.

MAX

It's not a rule, it's just the way it is for me. Have you looked at your penis lately?

TRAJAN

Why would I do that? Do you?

MAX

Hell no.

TRAJAN

Then why the hell did you ask me?

MAX

Cause the penis is the ugliest thing on the human body. I don't care if you're Brad Pitt, if that thing pops out in front of me, that's an absolute turnoff.

TRAJAN

And pussy is different?

MAX

Of course, it is. That's all systems go!

TRAJAN

I'll never understand all your little quirks.

MAX

Why can't I run my sex life the way I want to and be me. Why you got to step on my roses, son?

TRAJAN

Like I said, I'm not going to argue with you today.

MAX

Hard day?

TRAJAN

Man, I never knew what all you have to do when someone passes. Just with the house, transferring rights, closing out her accounts. There's not a day that goes by when someone comes by the house trying to buy it from me.

MAX

Bunch of sharks. They can't wait to get an overpaying customer in that place.

TRAJAN

Yeah, but I got to say, it's getting harder everyday to turn them down. I need to figure out some way to get some money.

MAX

Trust me, you'll find it. Things like that tend to randomly find you. Give it time.

Trajan nods his head in acknowledgement.

MAX

I'll meet up with you later on. Got a deadline to keep.

TRAJAN

Aiight man. Peace.

Trajan and Max dap with each other while saying goodbye to each other. Trajan leaves the room and heads back home.

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE**INT. GRANDMA'S HOUSE (LIVING ROOM/FRONT DOOR) - DAY**

Trajan is sitting the living room playing a fighting video game. Trying to keep his mind off of the situation with the house, he really gets into the game, in which he's beating an online player really badly. Between matches, Trajan hears the doorbell ring. Since there is a possibility of the visitor being important, Trajan exits out the online lobby and heads to door. He opens the door and sees that it's a man in a suit with a folder in his hand. He is clearly a SALESMAN (mid 40s, Caucasian) trying to buy Grandma Gem's house from him.

SALESMAN

Good afternoon, young man. I'm looking for the head of this residence. A Trajan ... Trajan.

TRAJAN

Trajan! Trajan King. I'm in charge here.

SALESMAN

Oh! Well then, I'm happy to talk with you about a golden opportunity. With condolences to the previous resident, I was informing her of this mortgage transfer opportunity before she passed. However, this offer still stands and is yours for the taking if you're interested.

TRAJAN

I'm not.

SALESMAN

But you still haven't heard all of what this program can do for your well-being. Can I talk to you about ...

TRAJAN

No.

SALESMAN

May I ask why you don't want to earn money from your property?

TRAJAN

Because I know how the game is played.

You buy it from me at pennies to the dollar, sell it at 5 times the price, or have it rot under a bank then sell it for 10 times. So I will say it clearly so you and the rest of you clowns can understand. No!

Trajan proceeds to slam the door in the salesman's face. The salesman continues to try and convince Trajan to listen to him, even when the door has already been slammed in his face. Trajan walks back to the living room to get back to playing. He enters the online lobby search and waits for an opponent. While he's waiting, he looks over to a nearby coffee table where he left his wallet, keys, cell phone, and other things that were in his pockets. One of those things is the flyer for the club that was forcibly given to him. Trajan stares at the flyer for a moment. This gives him an idea, causing him to stop playing video games with excitement.

INT. GRANDMA'S HOUSE (LIVING ROOM/FRONT DOOR) - NIGHT

Trajan is surrounded by paper, going through various calculations while combing the documents for the information he seeks. He notices that his cell phone goes off. Max is texting him.

MAX (TEXT)

At the door.

Trajan quickly types back and continues his research.

TRAJAN (TEXT)

It's open.

Max enters the house and heads towards the living room.

MAX

Yo, let's get it cracking. We got to get ready for that Guilty Gear tourney coming up ...

Max sees the TV/game system on idle and all the papers surrounding Trajan.

MAX

What the hell is this? Why do I not hear Japanese rock music?

Trajan calmly grabs the TV remote, unmutes the TV, and continues to work.

MAX

This is bullshit. What's so important that it's ruining my night.

TRAJAN

I got idea.

Trajan turns down the TV to a bare minimum before he begins to explain his plan. He picks up the flyer from the campus and shows it to Max.

MAX

So, you want to turn this place into a club? It would take some work, but I got some street contacts. Strip club would be better ...

TRAJAN

No, dumbass. This ain't gonna be a club. Think about it. Remember when we kept getting these flyers slid under our doors?

MAX

Yeah, I got a really good mouse pad out of one. And a few of them were good cup coasters.

TRAJAN

Yeah, they make great bookmarks, but that's beside the point. Remember Ron from sophomore year? We always had to tell him when all the good parties and events were happening because he couldn't get housing anywhere on or near campus.

MAX

I thought it was more that he was just lonely and sad, but yeah, I guess that didn't help.

TRAJAN

Point is so many people are looking for housing around the campus, why not rent out the other rooms in the house. There's plenty of space, at least for 4 others people. I don't see why not.

MAX

Cause they either broke or they cause

a mess like the frat clan down the way.

TRAJAN

So? We broke and we ain't in college. Besides, you think I'm gonna let anyone mess up this house? Grandma Gem would come back from the grave just to beat my ass. Either way, she gave the house to me with a mission and I believe this is what she wants, so I'm doing.

Max thinks about what Trajan just said for a moment before talking to him again.

MAX

Well, someone should have your back. I'm in.

TRAJAN

You're in?

MAX

Why not? You wouldn't know the first thing about taking care of a house and I'm a handyman. Or at least that's one of my jobs. Besides, I think I'm going to need a new place to live real soon. So, I'll be your first tenant.

TRAJAN

(hesitantly)

Ok? ... Welcome aboard.

Max heads towards the door to leave.

MAX

I'll come by tomorrow with my stuff. I'll see ya later man.

TRAJAN

Alright man. Peace.

Max leaves the house as Trajan continues to orchestrate his plan for renting out the house.

INT. GRANDMA'S HOUSE (ENTRANCE/HALLWAY) - DAY

A week later, Trajan opens the door for RACHEL MCCANN, a college student and potential tenant. Trajan welcomes her

inside and begins the tour of the house.

TRAJAN

Hey! Rachel, right? How are you doing?

RACHEL

Great, thank you. This is a beautiful place. Couldn't believe that you were renting out the place from the pictures.

Trajan takes Rachel up the stairs to see the bedrooms.

TRAJAN

And these are the bedrooms. The one down the hall is a little bigger than the others, but as you can see they ain't small.

RACHEL

Nice. Question - repairs, how will that be handled?

TRAJAN

I'll be handling that one way or the other. I'll actually be living in the house as well. My room's right over there.

RACHEL

Oh ok, that's interesting.

Rachel notices that the bathroom for one of the rooms is on the same hallway.

RACHEL

Hey, this is not part of the tour, but do you mind if I check out the bathroom?

TRAJAN

Go ahead. Take your time.

Rachel walks away towards the bathroom. Trajan starts to walk away, but stops and looks into his room, which is Grandma Gem's old room. Even though some of his stuff has been moved in, there are still items in the room that belong to Grandma Gem. These items causes him to the remember the good times with her and gives him comfort that he's fulfilling her wishes by opening her house up to those in need of a place to stay in the neighborhood. After taking the time to remember

Grandma Gem, Trajan continues down the hallway to catch up with Rachel.

END OF ACT THREE

TAG**EXT. MAX'S EX-BOYFRIEND'S HOUSE - DAY**

Max has the last bit of his things that he's putting into his SUV as a part of his move to Trajan's house. While Max is treating the situation as a non-issue, his ex-boyfriend ALEX COBB is absolutely livid and is taking it out verbally on Max as he's leaving.

MAX

Alright, I'm out.

ALEX

That's it? Three years and that's all you give me? Fine then, get the hell out. I can't believe I put up with you this long. All I did was give and you gave nothing in return. You wouldn't even let me get naked in front of you, what kind of shit is that. You are a waste of my time!

Max leaves the house not paying any attention to Alex's rant. Alex grabs something from a table nearby.

ALEX

And take your damn flyers with you. I can't believe you use these as coasters. Got naked women everywhere, what's wrong with you.

Max drives away as Alex continues to vent.

END OF EPISODE